JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of the Work Done During the Epidemic by Women at the Paoli Red Cross Auxiliary-People and Things Are Discussed

DEOPLE seem to be coming home this month from White Sulphur Springs. where they've been having perfectly wonterful weather all through this awful epiomic, and a number of Philadelphians have stayed down there to get away from the "flu." Mrs. Joseph Widener, who was here all through October, has come home, and Mrs. Charles B. Dillingham is with Mr. and Mrs. Petey Roberts have me home to Villanova and Mrs. Joshua Ladd Howell and Mrs. George Willing are staying on for several weeks more. Mr. John W. Arthur is among those who have returned from there.

THE Donners are in town at their home on Eighteenth street. Did you know that they had had four children and three alds all down with influenza at one time? That's going some, is it not? Well, they have all recovered, and that's going some,

Mrs. Donner's daughter, Dorothy Rogers, has gone to Middleburg, Va., to boarding school at Foxcroft. It seems to me that the South has this year loomed up as a popular place for sending girls to school. I have heard of several who are at Foxcroft; and Catonsville is always popular.

Don't you agree with me that Mrs. Donner is one of the most beautiful women in Philadelphia? I think she's exquisite; one of the kind of persons you just love to look at.

The Donners closed their Bryn Mawr home early in the month.

HAVEN'T the Paoli women done won-derful work during the recent epidemic; that is, the Paoli Auxiliary of the Red Cross? When the sickness first started they turned their headquarters on Lancaster avenue into a convalescent home for the Marines from Camp Fuller, as the very ill ones were first treated in the West Chester hospital; but when the epidemic became worse the Marines were moved to the Tredyffrin Country Club and an emergency hospital was established in the Red Cross headquarterr.

The Government sent an army doctor and Monsignor Kavanagh, of St. Katherine's Church at Wayne, sends two sisters every day from the parochial school to help with the nursing. Diet kitchens have been opened at Malvern and Berwyn, while the Red Cross Motor Messenger Corps has done wonderful work aiding in the distribution of food and supplies.

Edward Bracken gives his car, chauffeur and a motor truck to the work, and the Motor Messengers who help, giving their time and cars, are Mrs. 61. H. Cilley, Mrs. Alexander Brinton Coxe, Mrs. Ned Roberts, Miss Wilt, Miss Okle and Miss Adele Fountain.

Among the workers in the hospital and the diet kitchens are Mrs. R. Mason Lisle, who is chairman of the Paoli auxiliary; Mrs. W. S. Roney, Mrs. W. Wilmer Hoopes, Mrs. William Paul Morris, Mrs. C. S. Kurtz, Mrs. C. Colket Wilson, Miss Louise Blackburn, Mrs. Joseph Sharp, Jr., Mrs. David Sharp, Mrs. Edward Bracken, Mrs. George Stout, Mrs. Joseph F. Page, Jr., Mrs. Packard Laird, Mrs. O. L. Lewis, Mrs. Edward Mewton and Mrs. Roberts.

DID you know that the British Relief Committee of the Emergency Aid is responsible for getting Helen Fraser to come here next month to give four talks in the Bellevue ballroom on the four Mon day mornings in November? The proare to be given to the British

Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold is chairman of the British Committee of the Smergency Aid and Mrs. E. Burd Grubb and Miss Kate Forrester Robertson are vice chairmen. Miss Robertson is also corresponding secretary and treasurer. Do you know her?

She's a most attractive woman and heart and soul in her work for the British, She lives at Mr. Clem Newbold's, and has chaperoned Dickie (she's Mary Dixon Newold) and Anna pretty nearly ever since their mother died.

Well, to return to Helen Fraser. You remember she was here last year and gave most interesting talks on the work of English women in the war. She has been in England and France for the last three months and will not arrive here before next week, so you see she will have the very latest "dope" from "over there."

L think she will find great changes in women's work here when she comes back, for we have certainly made great strides in organized work since her last visit,

HE wasn't very large, but she had Side wasn't very knew how to express them. But on Friday Mother came into the room and found her working on an old envelope. On it were the following: "S.I-M-I-L-I-A-R," "S.I-M-I-L-E-R," and down at the bottom of the

envelope was S-I-M-M-I-L-E-R. Mother said nothing, but asked daughter what she was writing. "Something I'm going to get into a paper some day, Mussy," replied daughter. And she handed it to mother to read. It wasn't bad, ught mother, but when she started to read it through, there before her eyes apnice, dearle, but you have similar spelled wrong; it should be 8-I-M-I-L-A-R." you positive, mother? I tried different otherwise how could you spell 'similarity'?"
NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Miss Maisis Chance, Miss Helon Chance and Master Burton Chance, Jr., of Mayfield louse, Radner, spent the week with their satisfunt, Mrs. J. Orden Hoffman, at 1than ariwyn, Radnor, while Mrs. Chance spent week in Cape May, where Major Chance stationed.

di. George L. Harrison, Jr., has been conde his home, Poplar Grove, Wayne, this
with influence. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison
sot to open their town house, 2603 De
soay place, after the first of the month.

Jr. J. Guy Hallowell has taken an apartin Lakewood, N. J., to be near her
ted, who is in the Government hospital
ters. Hallowell will be remembered as
a private Phillips, whose worlding took

week as they planned, but will stay there until after the epidemic is over.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke, of Isle Field, Rosemont, returned on Thursday from a trip to New York. Mrs. A. H. Elliot, of Wayne, is spending a few months with her sister-in-law in Wash-ington, D. C. Later she will visit relatives in New Haven, Conn. Captain Elliot is in France.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Graham will close Eldonridge, their home in Devon, and open their town house, 1713 Spruce street, this week.

Miss Katharine Packard, of Wilmington, apent the week-end with Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Packard Laird, of Devon,

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer B. Hampton and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Beck, who have been in the mountains of Pennsylvania, at Canton, since early in the summer, have returned to their homes on North Broad street.

Mrs. Frank Weckerly and her daughter have closed their cottage at Point Pleasant, N. J., and returned to their home in St. Davids.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter F. Rahte, of Windybrow. St. Davids. have been entertaining their mother, Mrs. Henry Rahte, of Mil-waukee, Wis. She returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Walton, Jr., who have been ill with influenza at the Bryn Mawr Hospital, have returned to Walmarthon, their home in St. Davids.

The first fall meeting of the Tuesday oard club was held at the home of the president. Mrs. H. P. Scherr, 604 Woodhawn avenue, Germantowh, when the members were entertained at luncheon and five himdred. The future meetings have been postponed until after the Board of Health has lifted the ban on all entertainments.

Mrs. Thomas D. Bowes and her three chil-

Mr. and Mrs. Karl W. Giller, of Cleveland, formerly of this city, are receiving congratu-lations upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pointer Rippey, of Mount Airy, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace Pointer Rippey, to Mr. William McLean, U. S. M. C., also of Mount Airy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Alden Tifft, of Wynnefield are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son. Mrs. Tifft will be remembered as Miss Reta J. Smith.

DREAMLAND **ADVENTURES** By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week begin ning Monday and ending Saturday

"THE BLUE IMPS" (In previous stories Peggy has had strange adventures in Birdland, with the Giant of the Woods, and among Uncle Sam's fighters.)

CHAPTER I

Peggy Is Taken Captive DEGGY was disgusted.

To go to Jane Milton's party she had given up a chance to see a wonderful fairy play. And when she was all dressed for the party in a beautiful new dress made from one of her mother's former ball gowns, a joy-wrecking message had come from

Jane's home. The party had been called off.

—Jane had the influenza.

So there was Peggy, all dressed up and no place to go. And to make matters worse, a drizzly rain had begun to fall, shutting off all chances of play outdoors.

No wonder Peggy feit sour and peevish. No wonder she curied up in a large easy-chair and scowled at the big drops chasing each other down the window pane. Just at that moment life seemed going all wrong.

How long she sat there amid her gloomy thoughts she did not know, but after some time she became aware that she was not alone. On the rug beside her squads of strange creatures were going through a soldier-like drill. These creatures were about ten inches tall and had queer round heads. and spindly arms and legs. One of the oddes things about them was their color—heads, bodies, arms and lege were all a deep blue. As they drilled they sang a doleful song:

"Peggy's sad and we are glad;

Let's make her woes more massive— Paint her blue, for that's the hue That fits our weepy captive."

Peggy straightened up.
"Who are you?" she demanded. One of the
blue figures strutted out in front of the

"We are the Blue Imps," he announced.
"I am Captain Dismai. You are our weepy "I'm not a weepy captive," declared Peggy

indignantly. "You will be in a minute. Charge!" cried Captain Dismal. Instantly the Blue Impa came bounding toward Peggy and before she could do a thing to defend herself she found them swarming over her. Quick as a wink she was bound fast with hundreds of the threads which they says out. tiny threads which they spun out like spiders

"Off with her laughing clothes! On with her tearful tatters!" ordered Captain Dismal Pegry's new party dress vanished. In its place was an old patched raincost.
"Away to the Valley of Gloom," cried Captain Dismal, "There we can torment her at our lessure."

At that the door flew open and Peggy was dragged outside by scores of Blue Imps. Down the street they went and out through the misty rain toward the country.

Peggy struggled and shouted. She didn't know where the Valley of Gloom was, but it must be some terrible spot if it was the torture place of those mean-looking Blue Imps. As she shouted, her cries were drowned in a chant raised by the Imps. This chant

"Wall on, wall on, 'tis music to our ears.

More woes, more woes, we'll add to all
your fears!"

Peggy felt her heart sink and her help-lessnass grow. She seemed completely at the mercy of the Blue Imps. But shove her through the misty rain, there flashed a bird. Was it one of her friends? "Help! Help! The Blue Imps have me!"

"Help! Help! The Blue Imps have me!" she cried.
"Help! Help! The Blue Imps have Princess Peggy!" schood the bird, and Peggy recegnized Blue Jay's voice.
"Quick! Here comes reacue!" shouted Captain Digmal, and the Blue Imps began to run as fast as they could, dragging Peggy behind them.
"Holty-toity! What have we here?" boomed a lig voice, and the Imps stopped, quickly drawing up in battle array. Twisting around Peggy saw that the speaker was the Giant of the Woods.
"Save me! The Blue Imps are cargying me to the Valley of Gloom," she cried.
"Sure I'll save you!" shouted the Giant, and with that he picked up a club and charged on the army of Blue Imps. They massed to meet his attack. In front of the others was Captain Digmal, The Giant esteed him, threw him into the air, then batted him with a club, like a by bats a basability.

NUTTING PARTIES PLAY PART IN WINNING WAR

Red Cross Here Renews Efforts to Obtain Shells for Making Gas Mask Filters

Nutting parties will have a special significance this year and the fall nut crop will play its part in history, since the Government has sent out a hurry call for nut shells as well as fruit pits to be used in making

gas masks.

Red Cross chapters are renewing their
efforts to obtain these materials for the War
Department, and nut clubs are to be formed among children and adults in order to systematically take care of the crop.

The nut shell has become as important a war material as steel or nitrate. The filter

of hard brittle carbon, which is all that stands between the American soldier and death by gas is obtained from the cinders of burned nut shells. Seven pounds of nuts make enough carbon for one gas mask. Stale, wormy and half-formed nuts answer the purpose as well as fresh and perfect

Though the carbon yielded by peach,

Though the carbon yielded by peach, cherry, prune and olive seeds is not sufficiently hard for use by itself, it can, by mixture with the carbon from nut shells, be made into satisfactory filter.

The call for masks is greater and the supply of cocoanut and cohune nut shells is not enough to meet the demand. There is an army of 4,000,000 in prospect and more than 2,000,000 men are already in France. To provide each with a mask will require 28,-000,000 pounds of nut shells.

While the largest contributions can be

While the largest contributions can be made by hotels, restaurants and other large eating pinces, housewives are urged to keep cans or boxes in their kitchens where shells cans or boxes in their kitchens where shells and pits may be kept and sent to Red Cross headquarters. Nut shells and fruit pits may be thrown together, though they should all be well dried first. Red Cross will place additional recepticles throughout the city for the convenience of patriotic "savers."

Peach, apricot, prune, plum, olive, date and cherry seeds, butternut, brazil nut, walnut and hickorynut shells are listed among the valuables by the Government.

MISS DURUTHY SAVAGE

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Savage, of Bala, who has recently been visiting Mrs. George W. Moody and Miss Elizabeth Hutchinson

Wedding Announced

The marriage is announced of Miss Eunice Anna McKown, daughter of Dr. William Mc-Kown, of Federaleburg, Md., and Ensign Samuel Stain Fried, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. William Fried, of 226 Rochelle avenue, Wissahlekon. Ensign Fried, who has just returned from overseas duty, is an instructor at the Officers' Material School, Charleston, S. C.

THE GILDED MAN By CLIFFORD SMYTH

Copyright, 1918, by Bont. & Liveright, Inc., New York, CHAPTER XXIII

The Gilded Man AFTER leaving Sajipona, Una found her-self in an apartment small compared with the spacious courts and chambers she had seen elsewhere in the palace. This apart-ment differed, also, in its furnishings—a few uncompromising stone benches along the walls and nothing more—while the dim light

uncompromising stone benches along the walls and nothing more—while the dim light gave to everything a gloomy, uninviting character. But Una was in no mood to linger: the queen's words had filled her with an waxiety that must be appeased at once. Hurrying down the middle of the long room, she reached, at the further end, a sort of staircase, or rame, leading upward in long, sweeping spirals to a height that was lost in intervening walls and clustered columns. Mounting this ramp, she noted with pleasure that as the ground floor receded everything lightened. Judging by the splendid upward curve of the walls, she concluded that she must be ascending a gallery winding around the great central done of the court where, a moment before, she had listened with the others to Sajipona's account of the mysteries of the cave. On the inner side of the gallery, the side overhanging the court, the wall was semitransparent, and through it sparkled flashes of the radium light flooding the great chamber within.

ing the great chamber within.

Light came, also, from the opposite side, flitering downward, apparently through another medium, from the central luminary above. The air grew warmer; there were faint perfumes, as if of essences distilled from tropical flowers, that thrilled with a delightful drowsiness. Soft echoes from dis-tant music increased this feeling of restfulness. Sound and fragrance were so subtly united, they seemed so completely an irradiation from the inner spirit brooding over the place, that one accepted them as being ut-terly natural, utterly free from the start-

ling or the marvelous.
Una could not guess the source of the liquid, musical notes. They might have come from the quaint instruments she had seen so deftly played upon by the cavemen marching with Anitoo, or from the lyre that, at Sajipona's touch, gave forth such plaintive melodies. But the music she listened to now was not continuous; its lack of formal mel-ody, unity of theme, gave it a quality different from anything she had ever heard. the outer world it might have been taken for the wind-song sweeping through tossed branches of forest trees. But here there was neither wind nor forest. The air was motion-less, and had ever been so; the vast spaces seemed filled with the unruffled sleep of centuries. Down below, in the great court, and even in the palace garden, saturated with light and beauty though both were, one felt something of the chill mystery that penetrates all underground places: Here there was mystery, but it was a kind that soothed rather than terrified. Tier by tier, as Una passed along the slender white as that passed along the gallery up which she was ascending, the sense of gloom, foreboding, that had weighted upon her until now was weakened. She felt the magic of a new world of romance and adventure. She was at the very heart of its secret. Flashes of color in paneled niches along the walls piqued her curiosity. Robes of vivid scar-let, hiding limbs of sparkling whiteness, it might be, hung just beyond her reach. Further on these niches were filled with glittering masses of gold, heaped high in barbario scorn of art or fitness. Rudely fashioned crowns, massive enough to have burdened crowns, massive enough to have burdened their wearers with more than the traditional care that goes with revailty; armiets, breast-plates, tiaras heavy with emeralds—in deep recesses, row on row, from story to story, these witnesses of the pomp and pride of fallen nations were thrown together in a careless profusion possible only in an Aladdin's palace of marvels.

As Una hurried past she realized with a thrill that she was in the ancient treasure-house of a once mighty empire. The fruit of the earth's richest mines, brought here by the learth's richest mines, brought here by

the carth's richest mines, brought here, by
the labor and cunning of centuries, lay at
her hand. It seemed impossible that all this,
jeweied spiendor could have escaped the fire
of war and crime that had kindled within
the breasts of millions who had sacrificed
their lives merely to grasp some small pertion of it. Fascinating baubles now were
these relics of past greatness, dainty or rude,
meaningless, or eloquent of forgotten faiths
and legends. Innocent of harm they seemed, a passing feast for the eye, trophtes to
celebrate and adorn' feminine loveliness, but
no longer a madness in the bones of men.

Thus, vaguely, did this vision of ancient
riches appear to Una. Gold and jewels, robes
and ornaments wrought by an art that had
been lost long since—the rich color, the gittter of all these things delighted her.

They seemed a part—the visible part—of
the music and fragrance with which the
winding sallery of marvels was filled. It
appeared to her that sile was on the
threshold of some great awakening experience. She knew that it was David whom
she would see; and this knowledge started
a strange conflict of emotions. The memory
of his lack of faith, the incomprehensible
manner in which he had turned from her
brought humiliation, anger. But the first
bitterness that went with all this had lost its
corrosive power. The spell of the ancient
Indian race whose secrets she was exploring
was upon her. Her senses were soothed by
the myterious beauty of these enchanted corridors. Here she would see David—and the
thought was indefinitely satisfying. Bhe did
not knew whether she could forgive him,
whether she could become reconciled to a disloyalty that had so easily swerved him from
the most accred of yours. Litt. Also him.

inner heart of her own love remained as it had ever been. He was still David. He needed her, he was unhappy. Outwardly he might seem faithless as the most shameless Proteus of romance. Nevertheless, there was something else, something that even Sajipona could not know, but that she knew and that bound him to her. It was for this she had followed him through inconceivable adventures—for this, one danger after another had been faced and overcome. And now all this misery had reached a happy ending. He was here, awaiting her like some prince in a fairy pulses. Sajipona had available

in a fairy palace. Sajipona had promised it, had brought them together at last. She felt his presence before she heard his voice. And then he spoke to her: "Una, what new witchcraft has brought He stood at a turn in the gallery up which

He stood at a turn in the gallery up which she was ascending. As their eyes met, the distant, wind-blown music, the subtle fragrance of flowers, seemed to bring into this palace of mystery and enchantment the fields and meadows of Rysdale. There she and David were again together, vowing their first love. The harmonies of brooks, birds, the ripples that sped their canoe past woodland and down shaded valleys, the thousand intimate details of the springtide loved of lovers, were about them once more. For the David who stood beside her in the queen's treasure house was the David of that faroff, peaceful countryside, not the strange being she had met for that brief dark moment in front of Sajipona's palace. At the first glance she could see he had passed through some vital change since then. He was no longer as a man walking in dreams. There was no troubled uncertainty in his face, no faltering in his step. He came to her now, all his soul in his eyes, but with perplexed look for all that, as if the destiny that had parted them had not verterned. perplexed look for all that, as if the destin that had parted them had not yet consented

"I have been dreaming," he said simply.
"It was an old dream, I find. Now that I am awake, some lights and shadows from my dream-world remain to haunt me." His brief explanation of the strange mental experience he had just been through was scarcely needed. Una told him how they had searched for him, how they had finally heard of this cave and of his first adventure in it. n, how, tracking him to this place

And then, how, tracking him to this place, they had met Sajipona and learned of the wonders of her underground kingdom.

"We are awaiting the festival now," she said wistfully. "She told me of it, and sent me here to meet you. I think it must have begun already. The music—it must be the music for the Gilded Man—has grown louder and louder as I have climbed this wonderful gallery. Sailnon and the rest will meet

gallery. Sajipona and the rest will meet us—it must be just there, beyond." "The festival! I know!" David exclaimed. Then he turned again to Una, taking her Then he turned again to Una, taking her hand and trying to disguise the grief that was all too plain in words and manner. He told her of Sajipona's kindness, of his gratitude to her. He described something of her plans to redeem her people from the til fortune that had shut them out from the rest of the world. All this, he said, could not be accomplished right away; but the first step would be taken now. David had a part to play in the working out of the queen's plan. But just what he was to do, what this part was, he guessed only vaguely. The bringing together of the ancient people with the new, the Indian race with their white conquerors—something of the kind was in her mind. The vast store of wealth, also, that they saw about them was to be distributed among vast store of wealth, also, that they saw about them was to be distributed among those who needed it. Salipona and her people had long since ceased to care for this treasure that had brought such untold suffering and misfortune to their race. But they would not part with it until they were certain of their recompense. And perhaps they wouldn't part with it at all—there seemed to be a curse attached to these blood-stained emeralds and gold.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Card Club Resumes Meeting Card Club Resumes Meeting
The first fall meeting of the card club of
which Mrs. Andrew J. Coulter is president
was held at her home. 5210 Archer street.
Germantown. Mrs. L. B. Knight will entertain the members at luncheon and bridge on
Wednesday at her home. 3224 Powelton avenue. Her guests will include Mrs. Charles
S. Osmond, Mrs. Haeight, Mrs. H. P. Scherr.
Mrs. Andrew J. Coulter, Mrs. Leby, Mrs.
Robert Clymer, Mrs. W. Seeley, Mrs. Louis
W. Whitali, Mrs. Peter Brennan

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Chestnut and Twelfth Sts.

BOX OFFICE OPEN TODAY 10 A. M. TO 5 P. M. Reopening (Matinee)

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30 An All-Star Feature Bill

The Mammoth Patriotic Melodrama "AN AMERICAN ACE" With Taylor Granville, Laura Pierpont

KEITH VAUDEVILLE

Company of 20-11 Big Scenes DOLLY CONNELLY; BRYAN LEE & MARY CRANSTON; MLLE. DIANE & JAN RUBINI and BIG SUR-ROUNDING SHOW

to had been appropried Bank

OPEN \$500,000 DRIVE Start Big Sale of War Savings Stamps as Patriotic Christmas Presents

"Buy a patriotic Christmas present" is the slogan of 3000 Girl Scouts, who today begin one week's drive to sell \$500,000 worth of war-savings stamps.

3000 GIRL SCOUTS

Each of the 150 troops has a booth in that section of Philadelphia where the members will make a canvass. The scouts, each of whom received a letter from headquarters urging their best efforts in the drive, reported to their team captains at 9 o'clock. Two of the booths are in the central part of the city, one at Broad and Chestnut streets and the other in City Hall courtyard The latter booth is built in the shape of a huge ordnance projectile. It is in charge of twenty girls of Troop No. 17, captained by Miss Rebecca Teller Mayer. The Broad

and Chestnut streets booth is in charge of Troop No. 88, captained by Miss Gertrude Brunswick. Prizes have been offered to the troop selling the largest number of stamps and to the individual scout whose returns are the greatest. The troop prize is a banner, while two war-savings stamps will be presented to the champion Girl Scout sales man.

Philadelphia's Girl Scouts have been actively engaged for some time past in sell-ing war-savings stamps, but the present drive is the largest single undertaking they have attempted. During the fourth Liberty Loan campaign the girls sold more than a ion and a half dollars' worth of bonds.

TO AID SOLDIERS' KIN

Red Cross Bureau to Handle Queries About Men in Service

prevent unnecessary delay in dealing with inquiries regarding men in the service, and to relieve as quickly as possible the natural anxiety of relatives and friends, a Red Cross bureau of communication has been established at Washington to handle all

such inquiries. The person making inquiry should write to Bureau of Communication, American Red Cross, Washington. In every case the in-quirer should give the correct name and overseas address of the man, and also the name and address of his next of kin. Where the address is unknown or doubtful, and for men in service in America, inquirers should write to Statistical Division, Adjutant Gen-eral's Office, First and B streets, Washing-

The ruling in no way affects the com munication service between civilians in this country and civilians in enemy countries; nor does it in anyway conflict with those inquiries made by soldiers' dependents, which are properly handled by the home service section of the Southeastern Chapter;



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS "He Comes Up Smiling" PUTS NEW JOY INTO LIFE
Perfect ventilation and continuous pure
air assured at all times by our safe and
up-to-date system.

PALACE Reopens Wed., 10 A. M. WILLIAM S. HART "The Border Wireless"

SUPERVISED BY THOMAS H. INCE RCADIA CHESTNUT BELOW 16TH Reopens Wednesday ELSIE FERGUSON

"THE LIE" "Tell That to the Marines'
Written by JAMES MONTGOMERY FI. VICTORIA MARKET Above WTH REOPENS WEDNESDAY

WILLIAM FARNUM "THE RAINBOW TRAIL" uel to "Riders of the Purple Rage

REGENT Reopens Wed., 11 A. M.



International Revue AND OTHER BIG ACTS CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 60TH Daily—Twit Nightly Reopens Wednesday Afternoon

BROADWAY BROAD & SNYDER AVE Reopens Wednesday Afternoon ACADEMY OF MUSIC

DHILADELPHIA **ORCHESTRA**

I.EGPOI.D STOKOWSKI, Conductor
FIRST CONCERTS OF THE SEASON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 1, at 8:00.
SATURDAY EVENING, Nov. 2, at 8:15.
PROURAM
Roleist, CARLO LITEN, Belgian Actor.
ELGAR. Prelude and Angel's Farewell from
"Gerontius." "Gerontins";
ELGAR, (a) Carillon and (b) Le Drapeau Beige.
TRCMAIROWSKY Symphony No. 4
Subscribers use Tickete No. 3 and retain Nos.
1 and 2, good for dates to be announced later.
Seats Now on Sale at Heppe's. 1119 Chesthut.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC Florence Easton SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ORCHESTRA Sourano, Met. Opera Co.
Tiekets now on sale at
HENRI RABAUD, Heppe's, 1116 Chestnut St. Conductor Amphithantre 25:, PHERIE MONTEUX will conduct this concert.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC New York
Symphony
Society
Society
State New Act of State Sta CASINO OH, GIRL SAM S. SHUBERT

REOPENING NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING

SEATS ON SALE TODAY AT 9 A. M. Limited Engagement of the Greatest of All New York Successes

MAYTIME

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

JOHN T. MURRAY DOROTHIE BIGELOW

CHESTNUT ST. OPERA HOUSE

THE PRICES NEVER CHANGE—EVER. \$1.50. \$1.00. The Bot (except Saturdays) MATINEE—\$1.00. The and 50e (except Saturdays). Box office Open TODAY. \$2.00. BEGINNING MATINEE NEXT WEDNESDAY



Limited Engagement

MATS. THURSDAY

SAMUEL F. NIXON, Managing

Beginning Next Wednesday Evening

SEATS ON SALE TODAY AT 9 A. M.

Nights at 8:15. Matinees Thursday and Saturday POPULAR MATINEE THURSDAY-BEST SEATS \$1.00

EYES OF YOUTH

with ALMA TELL

and the Original Cast Which Appeared With Triumphant Success

250 TIMES AT MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE, NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA'S FOREMOST THEATRES AND ATTRACTIONS

BROAD STREET THEATRE FRANK NIRDLINGER, Business M. SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFORMANCES REOPENING WEDNESDAY EVENING at 8:15

TEN NIGHTS AND FOUR MATINEES ONLY FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY-MATINEES NEXT WEEK ELECTION DAY CTUESDAY, NOV. 5), WED, AND SAT.

CHARLES FROHMAN ETHEL BARRYMORE

THE OFF CHANCE

BY R. C. CARTON
AUTHOR OF "LORD AND LADY ALGY." "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS." ETC.

ORREST SAMUEL F. NIXON, Managing SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFORMANCES

REOPENING THURSDAY EVENING AT 8 POSITIVELY 9 NIGHTS ONLY



POPULAR MATINEE THIS WEEK SATURDA NEXT WEEK-POPULAR MATINEES ELECTION DAY

(TUESDAY, NOV. 5), WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY SAMUEL F. NIXON, MARAGE

REOPENS MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 4 SEAT SALE THURSDAY, 9 A. M.

ROBERT HILLIARD

"A PRINCE THERE WAS"